Theological Seminary

THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

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TWO SINGERS.

Above my head a linnet sings
In rippling melody that floats
Through all the sunlit space, until
The hills give back the liquid notes.

Close by, beside the common way,
A wee bird twitters at my feet,
Singing to all who stop to hear
Of life and love that makes life sweet.

He cannot sing the linnet's song—
This little bard in sober gray—
Who, unashamed, by lowly paths,
Sings his own song in his own way.

For some there be, whose feet must fare,
By common ways, who may not hear
Or, hearing, may not understand
The linnet's song, so high and clear.

And I, who cannot tune my throat
To pipe the linnet's golden lay,
May still, beside the common path,
Sing mine own song in mine own way!

—Florence A. Jones.

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W. W. Ferrier, Editor,
2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Bishop Bell of the United Brethren Church has written a book entitled "The Social Message of Our Lord."

The Church of the United Brethren in Christ has been paying its bishops a salary of only $2,000 a year. The general conference at Canton, Ohio, this year voted an increase of $500.

The Chinese Government has communicated its desire to confer decorations upon Rear-Admirals Emery and Schroeder in connection with the Pacific cruise of the American fleet.

The police department of Chicago reports that three people are killed every two weeks in that city. Effective restraint ought to be exercised upon this great danger to life in our cities.

The Rev Alexander Maclaren, the noted Baptist minister of Manchester, England, has left that city after a residence there of nearly fifty years. Finding the activity and noise of the city too much for him at his advanced age, he has gone to Scotland to end his days in quieter places.

The earthquake in Illinois a few weeks ago brought widely to mind the fact that in 1811 there was an earthquake in the vicinity of Chicago which was more severe than the one in California in 1906. Professor Moulton of the University of Chicago says: "In the southern part of Wisconsin and the northeastern part of Illinois there is an area of ten thousand square miles which is in a quake territory, extending north as far as La Crosse, Wis."

A Toronto correspondent of the British Weekly says that a Gipsy Smith in each of the religious denominations in Canada would insure church union in five years. The statement is that his recent meetings in that city brought together men of all Protestant creeds, and united representatives of all the schools of theology on the one platform of the love of Jesus Christ. Gipsy Smith is in England now, but will return to this country and begin another evangelistic campaign in October, starting in Chicago.

This is the plain declaration of a brewer at the recent annual convention at Atlantic City: "What is actually wrong with the conditions of the retail liquor traffic? Walk into any public place where men congregate and discuss the questions of the day, and you will hear some one deliver himself of his sentiments regarding the lawless saloon. And there you have your answer—the lawless saloon. It is the cry from California to Maine, largely a manufactured cry, we know, but then nothing can be manufactured without some material to manufacture it from, and he among us who asserts that there is no material basis for the cry regarding the lawless saloon is either lamentably blind or criminally ignorant or willfully untruthful." The saloon is on the run. Let it be kept there until it shall be run so far that it shall be known no more forever.

The Rev. Howard Mudie, a graduate of Pacific Theological Seminary, recently of Springfield, Massachusetts, entered on a pastorate in London, England, a few weeks ago. The British Weekly says of him: "Mr. Mudie, who is a nephew of the well-known librarian of that name, was born in Manchester, and was educated at private schools in that town. On leaving school he commenced his business life in an insurance office, and after five years left England to enter upon similar duties in Boston, U. S. A. He afterwards traveled across the United States and lived amid the Modoc Indians in Modoc county, California. Subsequently he traveled through Australasia, and, on returning to California, he entered the Divinity School at Oakland. On completing his theological course, he was appointed to pastorates in Minnesota and New England. Having a desire to become personally acquainted with life in the East, he visited the Holy Land and Egypt. On returning to the states, he became assistant pastor of one of the largest Congregational churches in New England, that at Springfield, Mass. He is a strong believer in the Christian Endeavor and Temperance movements. He has been chaplain to many of the boys' camps in the states."

The following named colleges and universities have received recently appropriations from the income of the General Education Fund: "University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt., $100,000; Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md., $250,000; Oberlin College, Oberlin, O., $125,000; Randolph-Macon Woman's College, Lynchburg, Va., $75,000; for agricultural demonstration work in the Southern States, $102,000; for professors of secondary education in the state universities of the Southern States, $23,750; Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, Hampton, Va., $10,000; Tuskegee Normal Industrial Institute, Tuscogee, Ala., $10,000; Calhoun Colored School, Calhoun, Ala., (to complete industrial buildings), $2,625; Hamline University, St. Paul, Minn., $75,000; Bryn Mawr College, Bryn Mawr, Pa., $250,000; University of Wooster, Wooster, O., $150,000; Hendrix College, Conway, Ark., $75,000; College of St. Thomas, St. Paul, Minn., $75,000; Davidson College, Davidson, N. C., $75,000; University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va., $50,000; Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Ga., $100,000; Washington University, St. Louis, Mo., $200,000; Kowaliga Institute, Kowaliga, Ala., $5,000; Spelman Seminary, Atlanta, Ga., $10,000." At the meeting of the Presbyterian General Assembly in Denver in May, Wooster University was censured for placing itself where it could receive from the fund—outside of denominational control. But widely this is the trend of the age.

HIGHER CRITICISM AT THE COUNCIL OF THE PAN-PRESBYTERIAN ALLONCE.

Scholars in attendance on the Council of the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance last month, including some of the most eminent biblical men of both sides of the Atlantic, give in papers and personal interviews the present status of higher criticism. The Boston Transcript says: "The analysis of Bible theories, especially those surrounding the Old Testament, is as disturbing to the orthodox mind as ever. This is shown by one incident in the recent Council. A very fair presentation of the subject had been given one day, but it was sufficient to bring Rev. Dr. H. E. Hovey of Newburyport, Mass., to his feet to say he hoped profoundly that he might find at least one copy of the Holy Bible in heaven when he arrived there.

"Two scholars, one Scotch and the other American, give what seems to be an unbiased outlook upon the higher criticism controversy at the moment. They are Rev. Dr. James Orr of the United Free Church of Scotland, and the other Rev. Dr. G. L. Robinson of McCormick Theological Seminary of the Presbyterian Church North of this country. While the Wellhausen theory is not dislodged as the best solution of the Old Testament problem, it is conceded that it has been well shaken, and that within the past year some very unexpected turns have taken place. Instead of a purely literary criticism there is now a historical movement, and it threatens to supplant the Wellhausen school. Instead of the old satisfaction over ground gained, the ability to hold it is being questioned by a spirit of re-examination.

"The Wellhausen theory is that prophecy precedes law in the order of development, Israel having achieved her monotheism only after a long struggle. This view is taught by practically all of the Hebrew chairs in Europe, and from many in the United States and Canada.

"These scholars agree that radicalism has been the undoing of some of the critics. They are most severe upon Professor Cheyne of Oxford, recently in this country speaking on the subject, who they say is most arbitrary, going so far almost as to create a new Old Testament. Professor Cheyne has no disciples, declares Professor Robinson, but he has a successor in Professor S. A. Cook, who is revising the Bible text with the aim of bringing it down to date. Professor Sanday follows similar lines, and at the Pan-Anglican Congress last year talked about the Bible not being a law by a living brook, through which a living God reaches living men. This sounds well, but Professor Robinson thinks a fallacy lurks in it. He asks how the Bible can be a living book if its text is so notoriously corrupt. He asks that men be not deceived by the phrase, 'living word.' The only word which is living and can make live is the word whose text is reasonably trustworthy.

"American scholars, or men who count themselves such, have gone even farther than the Oxford lecturer in their lack of humility. Small schools whose self-assertion is out of all proportion to their numbers are very frequent among critics of the moment. Professor Robinson relates attending recently a seminary where a Chicago professor of apologetics asked whether the modern theologian can longer make use of the Bible as a canon of authority. His answer was in the negative. Evolution, science, philosophy, sociology and history were made by this Chicagoan co-ordinate sources of equal value to the Bible. In the discussion a professor of New Testament literature from another Chicago school of divinity indorsed what had been said, and added that he would feel chagrined if the present age were not able to produce a better theology than that of St. Paul.

"From the old Wellhausen theory that prophecy preceded law there is now a very general holding of the theory that the reverse was the case. Professor Orr holds this view, and during the council, being called upon, re-enunciated it. Professor Robinson had previously stated his agreement with the Scotchman's view. The most scholarly advocates of the old theory have been convicted of gross inaccuracies and fanciful suppositions. Professor Robinson gives reasons for the downfall of the old way of thinking, and predicts even greater changes during the next four years.

"The scholars now here mention as contributors on both sides of the controversy men whose recent utterances have added to the sum of knowledge on this important subject Siervers and Guthe, Duhm, and Briggs, and especially Dr. B. D. Eerdmans. The last named attacks the Wellhausen theory vigorously, but is in turn attacked by those Scotch and American authorities, as having far too little regard for traditional views. Gunkel is called brilliant in his ventures against Wellahusen, and so is Dr. Baentsch, the last named an absolute change of face, he having always heretofore upheld the German standard. Hugo Winckler of Berlin refutes the supposition that the Israelites were mere Bedouin nomads on entering Canaan, holding that they were semi-agriculturists, already having laws concerning houses and fields.

"Causes of disintegration in higher critic ranks, think the scholars, are due to several errors. One is lack of justice to the text. Professor Robinson remarks that there will never be unanimity among critics so long as writers assume the whole of their books in the opening paragraphs. There is also a lack of sympathy for the text. Sniffing suspicion is not argument. To understand the Word of God the heart must beat in sympathy with the purpose of God. Says Professor Robinson:

" 'Shall we set limits to criticism? By no means. The only limits are those of truth, by which I mean the indispensable foundations of the Christian faith. Criticism has never destroyed an atom of essential truth, and it can never do so. The Bible is to be criticised the same as any other book. New discoveries are ever possible, and criticism is self-corrective. During the past five years two results have been accomplished in criticism of the Old Testament. It has been pretty conclusively shown that the contents of the documents are considerably older than had formerly been supposed; and monotheism dates from a much earlier period than the eighth century before Christ. The hope of criticism lies in a deeper exegesis.' "

THE ADVANCE OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLE.

In 1400 the English-speaking people stood at the bottom of the list as to numbers, with a population of only 4,000,000, and but 125,000 square miles of territory. The Slavs were a third in population, with 5,000,000, but led in territory with 680,000 square miles. The Germans were second in population and third in territory, with 10,000,000 population and 310,000 square miles. The Latins were first in population, with 21,000,000, and second only to the Slavs in territory with 475,000 square miles. The Latins were then easily the foremost race. Four hundred years brought marked changes. From the last place in population the English-speakers passed to the first. In 1800 the English language was spoken by 96,000,000 people, as

against 65,000,000 who spoke the various Latin tongues, 54,000,000 who spoke German, and 35,000,000 who spoke Slavic. The Latins, however, had made the greatest advance in territory, for the great Spanish and Portuguese conquests were all made before 1800. The Latins still led in territory, with 11,450,000 square miles. The English-speakers came next, with 8,750,000 square miles. The Slavs had fallen to third place with 7,100,000 square miles. The Germans, besides dropping to third place in population, were a bad fourth in territory, with only 1,050,000 square miles. The advance of the English-speakers in population since 1800 has been amazing. The English speakers now number 475,000,000, divided between two great nations. The Latins number 255,000,000, but they are divided among a score of independent states. The Slavs have risen to 140,000,000, the majority of them in the mighty Russian empire. The Germans have fallen behind the Slavs in numbers, with a population of 135,000. In territory the English-speakers also lead, with 15,050,000 square miles. The Latins are second, with 14,950,000 square miles. The Slavs are third, with 9,050,000 square miles. The Germans have been slow to spread their boundaries and have only 2,350,000 square miles.

RELIGIONS DIAGNOSIS OF A PUGET SOUND TOWN.

"Seeing the city, he wept over it."—Luke 19:41.

By Sydney Strong.

I recently spent a few days in a neighboring town. I appreciate afresh what it meant when Jesus is said to have wept over Jerusalem. I realize anew what it is that ails men and their communities and that there is but one worthy to be called Master.

This town is nicely situated. It is no worse than scores of others. It has commanding views of the mountains and the sound. It has good public schools, enterprising real estate men, boat and train service, a good sprinkling of cultured people. It has ambitions and some of its citizens would not be surprised if greatness came strolling up its streets. It can be truthfully said that the life of the town is better than it was last year. Yet, a diagnosis reveals the forces of death rampant and united and the forces of life divided, often hostile or frittered away on trifles. Meanwhile, the coming generation is blighted and only a small percentage has a reasonable chance to come to noble maturity.

At a recent election the so-called evil elements, taking advantage of the divisions among the good people, elected the mayor. The saloons are open Sunday and Monday. Gambling is open and public officials, who professionally stand for law are among the law breakers One gambler recently shot another, and the charge of "carrying concealed weapons" was the charge on which he was arrested. One weak citizen who lost several hundred dollars to the gamblers—all he possessed—went home and committed suicide. One notorious woman holds several of the leading citizens in her clutches because they have sinned. Scores of the people one sees show all the signs that the hand of death has been laid upon them. Here, as elsewhere, evil is watchful, united and aggressive—never sleeps. "Thine enemies shall compass thee round and shall dash thee to the ground, and thy children within thee." That is the diagnosis of the deadly ambition of evil.

On the other side is the church, which is supposed to be the organized power of righteousness. It would be best described as unwatchful, divided and unaggressive. The pastor is a good man, consecrated and sacrificing. He has hours of agony over the condition of things. There are good people in the town who want better things: yet the harvest of death is going right on: because the forces of righteousness do not get together; because the house of prayer has been made a house of contention; because some of the chief priests of righteousness are engaged in schemes that lead to the crucifixion of the Righteous One.

I understand that it is not an easy problem—though it ought to be, if good people had some sense, to say nothing of religion. Into one of our western towns come people from all sections of the land, with all sorts of notions, and degres of education, and to combine these forces is no easy task—although Jesus reveals a simple way. Here is a good woman with considerable force who likes "to run things," who quickly quits her church activity because she can't have "her own way"—so "they say"; and no doubt, she has "her side" to the story. Here are several families who are quiet and refined, who decide to "keep out of any fuss" —so they stay at home. Then here are some good people—who feel that they are much better than they were a year ago because they have read some poorly printed leaflets from a man down in Pittsburgh or Texas, which have given them a key to the Bible,—and who on becoming extra good decide that they must leave the church and more, that they must use their hooks and pull out other members before the church goes to ruin. Meanwhile, some denominationalists feel that this is a providential time for them to be busy: so some undershepherd from the outside world comes in and takes off a few of the flock and organizes another fold on another corner, and goes home and talks about union and federation and the sin of a divided Christendom. Then, another little group organize a woman's society, as the first stey toward another church. Meanwhile the merry dance of death continues and the wild beasts devour the scattered flock. Now unless there is a stop, the enemies will dash this town to the ground and her children within her.

I have drawn the picture because it is a diagnosis of thousands of groups of people in our land. The forces of evil organized: God's house a place of contention, the chief priests of righteousness engaged in schemes that crucify their Lord.

It was such a condition that kept Lincoln out of the church. He knew organized religion only as he saw it in his village—narrow, dogmatic and wrong spirited. He could not easily join himself to it: because it did not appeal to his great soul. These familiar words of his are worth repeating: "When any church will inscribe over its altars as its sole qualification for membership the Saviour's condensed statement of the substance of both law and gospel, 'Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart and soul and mind, and thy neighbor as thyself,' that church will I join with all my heart and soul."

What is there else that is vital? How far away from Christ and the truth people get when they try to found a church on a doctrine, instead of upon right personal relations with God and man. Why, actually, some dear people in this town have separated themselves from other people,—won't work with them, won't fellowship with them—because they have gotten a new notion about the Scriptures. They go off chasing rainbows and weaving cob-webs. I shouldn't object to this, if life was a sun-parlor in an insane asylum or old folks' home—but when life is real, and the evil forces are destroying, destroying and never satisfied,—

then it's criminal. They have a part in the crucifixion of the Righteous One.

This leads me to say two things:

1. Religion—real religion that has power to cast out evil and save men to nobility of life—has its vital expression of the realm of conduct. We are today in our country reaping a terrible harvest—showing itself among good people in divisions and dissension and impotency—so that in a community like the one I have described the good forces seem to be paralyzed and panic-stricken. The reason is just where Mr. Lincoln pointed it out. The people have not magnified the great words, love, obedience, God, neighbor. They have been fiddling while the city burned. They have been engaged in speculating, splitting hairs—while life has called for heroic action. There is a place for discussion. It is when the day's work is done. And discussion even then that ends in making people hostile is irreligious. To get hold of a doctrine, and ride it, and make it the occasion of separation, is just as wicked as to try to break up a family by declaring that the red-haired children are the only ones that are legitimate—and one would be as sensible as the other. God never intended that his children look alike, or think alike—or he would have made all the flowers of one color—but God intended that his children should do one thing togteher; obey him, love him and love one another. This kind of uniformity expressing itself in endless variation is imperative.

2. Jesus wept over Jerusalem because he saw its coming destruction and because he had power to save it. A young man recently said to me, "The more I study of the life of Jesus, one word seems to express my thought of him; it is the word 'Master.'" That is what this town needs; a Master, to cast out the evil spirits and unite the good folks. Look east, look west, look north, look south, and no personality large enough is seen to command the situation. Hopelessness in every direction save one: and that is Jesus of Nazareth. He possesses the God-saving power. If only those who call themselves by his name would stop blowing soap bubbles of denominationalism, stop crocheting idle fancies, stop sweeping cobwebs from the sky, and reverently follow the Master-Man, by first simply loving their neighbor, and then loving their enemies—they would soon experience all the doctrine of life that is worth knowing—that God is love.

But no, man must build his little systems that have their day and cease to be: he must spin his little web and strut around as if it were the woof of the universe, and all the time evil is eating up his life and cursing his offspring; and all the time the Master-Man wants to give the strength that saves!

In our disorder and divisions and dissensions and little schemes that advertise and feed personal vanity, nothing can save but the entrance of the Christ- life in its largeness and sweetness. Lord Jesus, come and quickly!

Seattle, Wash.

ONE MISTAKE.

By S. M. Freeland.

Sometimes we read that "the church" is alienating the laboring men from Jesus Christ and His good news by doing too much of several things, or too little of some other things. Then it is said that the educated classes are driven away by too little of modern thought, too few of modern conceptions of truth in the presentation from the pulpit. Are we all Roman Catholics? Do we accept the dogma that because Peter stood at the beginning of things in the world's understanding of the mission of the Christ, therefore any man or set of men can hold the gate to the kingdom of God and let in only whom they choose if they can persuade themselves that Jesus Christ has appointed them to such a place?

Who made the Church a mistress of the gospel of Christ, any church or set of churches? Who shall shut me or any other man out from taking the New Testament and making my own relations with the Teacher and loving Lord of us all? Who shall hinder the laboring men from making their own church? Or the educated men, can they not have their own highly cultured coteries of believers? Our churches are not necessary to them, only Jesus Christ and his salvation are necessary. Let our churches die if they do not fit the times, it is a necessity that they should live. Let every set of men and every vein of culture make such churches as will suit them. That is the freedom of Christianity.

THE NEW CHRISTIANITY.

An Editorial in the Christian Register.

The astute ambassador from China to the United States made at Lake Mohonk a statement in regard to the invasion of China by foreigners, and the subsequent assimilation of the foreigner, which is justified by the facts. He said that the invaders who became rulers of the land invariably adopted Chinese laws and customs. Something like this may be observed in all Oriental lands. Already wherever Christianity has made its way in the East it has shown signs of adaptation to native thought and customs.

When missionaries made their first appeal to the heathen, they were uncompromising in their demands. All the religions of pagan lands were held to be false religions, and were commonly described as being the work of Satan. It has been held at times by many Christians that the heathen deities were devils in disguise, and the similarity between the ritual and customs of the Roman Catholic Church and that which was observed in pagan rituals in Asia and in Mexico was ascribed by some missionaries to the devil, who by these inventions sought to parody Christianity and bring it into contempt. In very recent times the majority of missionaries not only insisted upon the severity of Christian doctrine, but also carried each one for himself the peculiarities of his own denomination of Christians. We find, therefore, in what were pagan lands, Roman Catholics and Protestants, Anglicans and Dissenters, Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Seven Day Adventists, and all the rest, differentiated according to the zeal of the various propagators of religion.

This state of things is slowly changing. Denominations are dropping their peculiarities: Large bodies of Christians are coming to an agreement about what they call the essentials of Christianity. They are beginning to see that the denominational peculiarities of Western Christians embarrass and distract the simple-minded pagan, and give to the philosophers and theologians of Oriental land ample occasion for ridicule and contempt.

It appears, therefore, as a coming certainty, that Christian denominations in extra-Christian lands will tend to-

wards a union which they do not accept at home. But a further change is taking place: many of the most intelligent, spiritual-minded, and sagacious missionaries and missionary societies are making the valuable discovery that there is after all no false religion, that the statement of Max Muller is to be accepted,—there is no false religion unless it should be proper to describe a boy as a false man. There are rudimentary religions, half-developed systems, and forms of doctrine which have missed some essential efement which Christianity might supply; but in them all, the sagacious, open-minded Christian finds valuable elements of truth, and half truths which ought to be recognized and complemented, but never cast out and condemned as false.

While these changes are going on in extra-Christian lands, similar changes on parallel lines are to be noted in the attitude of the Christian Church everywhere. For the moment a Christian acknowledges that a pagan may have spoken an inspiration of the Holy Ghost, and that any considerable part of the doctrines of paganism are sound and true, the bonds of brotherhood are suddenly enlarged, and old forms of bigotry and intolerance become intolerable. We are not speaking now of the attitude and purpose of the majority of professing Christians, but only of those who in all churches—and we do not except the Roman Catholic—are conscious of new waves of inspiration, of new truths which are breaking upon the mind of this generation, and of the new duties which now devolve upon all who have at heart the good of mankind.

This is not merely, as Dean Everett called it, the passage from the letter to the spirit of religion, but it is also a new view of the kingdom of God. With a flash of light, which has been in some cases almost blinding, the old truth that in the sight of the divine Father nothing upon earth is in essence common or unclean, has compelled a change of attitude concerning all social wrongs and social rights, concerning the duties of brotherhood, and the salvation of the race now upon the earth from sin, sorrow, and degradation which are the fruits of ignorance. The new Christianity is coming by adaptation to native needs in extra-Christian lands, but it is coming everywhere by the need of adaptation to the wants of human society now understood and declared as never before.

WAKING.

I have done at length with dreaming;
Henceforth, O thou soul of mine!
Thou must take up sword and buckler,
Waging warfare most divine.

Life is struggle, combat, victory!
Wherefore have I slumbered on
With my forces all unmarshalled,
With my weapons all undrawn?

Oh, how many a glorious record
Had the angels of me kept,
Had I done instead of doubted,
Had I warred instead of wept!

But begone, regret, bewailing,
Ye had weakened at the best;
I have tried the trusty weapons
Resting erst within my breast,
I have wakened to my duty,
To a knowledge strong and deep,
That I recked not of aforetime,
In my long, inglorious sleep.

For the end of life is service,
And I felt it not before,
And I dreamed not how stupendous
Was the meaning that it bore.

In this subtle sense of being
Newly stirred in every vein,
I can feel a throb electric—
Pleasure half allied to pain.

'Tis so sweet and yet so awful,
So bewildering, yet so brave,
To be king in every conflict,
Where before I crouched a slave!

'Tis so glorious to be conscious
Of a growing power within,
Stronger than the rallying forces
Of a charged and marshalled sin!

Never in those old romances
Felt I half the thrill of life,
That I feel within me stirring,
Standing in this place of strife.

Oh, those olden days of dalliance,
When I wantoned with my fate!
When I trifled with a knowledge
That had well-nigh come too late.

Yet, my soul, look not behind thee;
Thou has work to do at last;
Let the brave toils of the Present
Overarch the crumbled Past.

Build thy great acts high and higher;
Build them on the conquered sod
Where thy weakness first fell bleeding,
And thy first prayer rose to God!

—Caroline Mason.

PURITY BORN OF KNOWLEDGE.

By Katherine A. Hamilton.

I want to urge upon every mother the sacred duty of early imparting to her children pure, reverent, scientific knowledge of the simple laws of God concerning their physical nature, its necessities, purposes and glorious possibilities. We early teach them "God is love," and point them to the cross of Christ as the highest manifestation of that love; let us not omit to tell them too that "God is light," and then, seeking for heaven-granted wisdom, unfold to their growing intelligence the marvelous story of the Creator's ways, holy and beautiful in nature as in grace.

While still of tender years, the active little brain begins to busy itself with wondering questions as to how it found its way into this strange world, and these imaginings find expression in anxious questions. At first the simple, truthful answer—"From God, my darling," will suffice, but soon will follow other questions, and endless wonderings

as to the mysterious origin of every living thing about them.

Now, dear mothers, this is your God-given opportunity. So soon as the child is of sufficient intelligence to ask such questions, so soon it is capable of receiving the pure instruction to which it has a right.

Do not seek to silence "awkward questions" by evasive answers. Be not deceived. By such a course you repel your child's confidence and open the door to two unspeakable evils. First, you lead the child to suppose that some unholy mystery must be connected with that of which you are so unwilling to speak; and secondly, it will almost certainly carry its questions to others, probably not possessed of your reticence, who will teach it, impurely, the knowledge you refuse to impart.

As one who has suffered much, mentally, through just such a mistaken method, I beseech you, for the sake of the little ones so dear to your heart and to the heart of the Saviour who died for them, leave them not to be so schooled. Forestall the evil teachers who will assuredly take advantage of your laxity. Your neglect in this matter will be Satan's opportunity and he will make the most of it.

HOW I BECAME AN EVANGELIST.

By Gipsy Smith.

I should not like to say that I was destined to be an evangelist, but I do say that after my conversion I perceived that I could be nothing else. I saw my life-work open before me soon after my conversion in the little Primitive Methodist Chapel in Cambridge in November, 1876. With that spiritual climax came the first real awakening of my intellect.

Remember, I was only a gipsy boy in my teens, and I had only a few weeks' schooling. I had just mastered an alphabet and had got no further than spelling my own name and spelling out a few words of one syllable. Then came my conversion, which instantly gave me not only a new vision of life and a new hunger for the Word of God, but a new motive behind my desire to learn. My conversion meant a tremendous lot for me. I felt that I was a new creature and that I had received a spiritual experience which was going to change the entire course of my life and make the world a new world and people a new people to me. My conversion experience so possessed me that I could not keep it to myself. I wanted everybody to know what I knew and to share in my new joy. I could not help becoming an evangelist, and I began at once to do evangelistic work in my own crude, primitive way. I wanted to make it known that I had given my heart to God and that I had found in Jesus a wonderful Saviour.

As a gipsy boy I went about the villages of Cambridgeshire selling the products of my father's industry—clothes-pegs, tin pans, baskets, and other oddments. When I came to a cottage door and a woman bought anything off me, I used to say: "Can I sing for you?" She would say: "What can you sing?" and then I would sing either "Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?" or "My Jesus, I love Thee." They were all I knew—those two hymns.

For a time I contented myself with singing about Jesus—it was all I could do then. My first attempts at speaking were failures, and when I saw, as I often did, the women of the other cottages gathering around as I sang—some of them in tears—I did not know what to say, and I bolted. A little later, after I had had a few weeks' experience of this kind of thing, I began to put my own experience into words, and sometimes went as far as praying in the cottages with the women and children. It seemed to move the cottagers deeply to hear a gipsy boy singing and praying. There are people living in the Cambridgeshire villages today who remember my first evangelistic efforts. Close to my home now I have a neighbor who used to buy clothes-pegs of me, and from my study window I can see the telegraph-posts skirting the lane in which my father's caravan used to pull up. Those days come back vividly to memory when I pull aside my study curtains and look over the fields I remember from my childhood.

My earliest efforts as a gipsy boy evangelist, telling the story of Christ's love as I sold the cottagers their clothes-pegs, were educative to me. They made me realize my ignorance and realize that I had to train myself for my life-work. My ignorance was such a burden that it almost crushed me. I had had no chance to learn. I did not know my Bible. I could not read; but I determined that I very soon would. One of my first reading lessons was from a lady I met one Saturday morning in Leytonstone. She was going shopping, and as I came by her I saw a big signboard outside a shop. I asked her to read it to me. She said: "You are a gipsy boy; what do you want to read for?" I replied that I had given my heart to Jesus and I wanted to learn to read my Bible. The lady went over the words on the signboard with me until I knew them. Then she said: "Now, can you read them?" "Yes," I said, "backwards." I so fastened those few words on my memory that I knew them wherever I saw them. That is how I began to get hold of bigger words—it was my introduction to polysyllables.

Every new word I heard and learned to spell I stored up in my mind. So I gradually built up a vocabulary. I never forgot a word I had mastered. Then I got possession of three books—the Bible, an English dictionary, and Professor Edie's "Bible Dictionary." They formed my first rudimentary library, and how precious they were to me! Whenever I heard a new word, I flew to my dictionary to learn its meaning and uses.

All this time I went on selling my clothes-pegs and tinware; but at nights in the caravan with my father and sisters and brother I struggled with my books. My father gave us every encouragement to read and learn. My brother and sister were just picking up their letters, and we helped one another as best we could. In the daytime the green fields were my Alma Mater and the blue sky my university. Saint Francis of Assisi preached one sermon to the birds, it is said: but I preached sermons miles long as I tramped from village to village. I did warm up the hedges and cows and sheep and birds as I preached to them. Those first sermons of mine were so easily preached. I was a gipsy lad, with all a gipsy's Nature lore and Nature love, and my congregations were the natural things I knew and loved as only gipsies can. But it was quite a different thing when I faced a human congregation and had to talk to real people.

In June, 1877, six eventful months after my conversion, I joined the Christian Mission under the Rev. William Booth, as the thirty-sixth evangelist of the embryo Salvation Army. When I became a real evangelist, my real difficulties began. I had to do public speaking without any preliminary training. I went through no school or institution by way of preparation. My training in public speech, in visiting the

sick, and in house-to-house visitation, was all derived from my own actual experience of the work itself. I was only seventeen when I thus came into living touch with men, women and children, and whilst I worked had to train myself for my work. Many a time I had to speak when I did not know if I had anything to say or not. In sheer self-defense and desperation I taught myself to think on my feet. I enjoyed none of the advantages of those of my colleagues who had had decent or even half decent educations, or had, in their homes, opportunities of gathering a fund of information to think and speak about. My mind was almost a blank as to the subjects of general education. I knew my Saviour and had a real personal experience of Him in my heart and soul, and all I could say sprang from that personal experience. I no doubt expressed myself very crudely in those early days, but I believe that the intensity of my religious experience and the reality which my hearers could see that experience was to me, convicted and impressed even educated people far more than the glib utterance of even brilliant educated men whose heart was not revealed in their preaching.

But while I had ample assurances that God was blessing my simple testimony, given in crude, unlearned words, I was determined not to rest there. I was at the bottom of the ladder of knowledge, but I meant to climb every rung that was within my possible reach. I first set myself to master my Bible in English, because it was that I wanted to preach. Many a night I sat up until the day dawned, poring over my Bible and struggling with its big words and difficult passages. I bought candles and carried a bottle with me for use as a candlestick, so that when I went to other people's houses I could study at night without burning their gas. I knew that if God could use my ignorance, He would make more abundant use of my knowledge as it expanded. Though God can work with a rough stick, He can work better with a polished one. God puts no premium on ignorance, and there is no incompatibility between the highest culture and evangelism.

Many a big struggle I had in those days, when I was called to address a meeting without a chairman. I chose hymns the first verse of which I knew by heart, and I gave out the verse I remembered and asked the people to sing it through. Then I chose the Scripture lessons that I could get on best with—passages of the simplest kind. Even then there would be words in almost every verse that could not pronounce. I used to read on slowly, until I came to a big word, and then, instead of having a shot at pronouncing it, I would pause and make a little comment, taking care to resume my reading on the other side of the big word. I do not know that anyone ever found me out, though I should not have been ashamed if my ignornace had been discovered. I never posed and never disguised my ignorance. I always told my audiences that I was only a gipsy boy, and had only a few weeks' schooling, and would make lots of blunders, but that if they would forgive me I would make fewer as I grew older and acquired more knowledge.

My five years in the Salvation Army were years of mental and spiritual growth, but my most formative years were those I spent in Hanley after leaving the Army. There for four years I had Sunday by Sunday a congregation of two thousand people. I realized that I must constantly have something fresh to say, and to that end I must be everlastingly refilling my own mind. O! how the scantiness of my store of knowledge was forced upon me then! but that only drove me to study with deeper intensity.

I read voraciously everything I could lay my hands upon —Biblical literature and general literature. I read first Matthew Henry's Commentaries and Dr. Adam Clarke's works, and I spent hours a day over Smith's Dictionary. The sermons of Robertson, Spurgeon, McLaren, and Parker were my intellectual food day and night, while Scott, Dickens, and George Eliot were the reading of my more leisurely hours. To the popular scientists, like Hugh Miller and Faraday, I turned myself eagerly, and, a child of Nature myself, born in a field and reared in the open, I devoured all the books on Nature I could procure.

The more I read, the easier I found it became to give expression to my soul's message; and ideas which had seemed inexpressible found, by degrees, easy utterance on my lips. Soon, to talk, which had been difficult, became a pleasure. I have never abandoned my early endeavor to expand my vocabulary, and to this day I delight in studying the exact use of words. I never read to waste; all the time I was reading I was pigeon-holing new facts, new expressions, new words, and new illustrations. I am thankful to God for giving me a retentive memory and a mind that works by association of ideas, so that when I am on my feet, things I have read and heard flash up into my mind and enable me to enrich my speech with fresh illustrations. I am still a student, and never hope to feel that my education is complete. My library, which is my constant resort and pride, includes most of the best modern sermonic literature, the great English classics, the standard commentaries, and even some of the Bible critics. Tennyson is my favorite poet, though I love Cowper and Wordsworth. On all my journeys I carry in my trunk a small collection of books—changed from time to time—and I invariably try to devote my mornings to my correspondence and study.

I have had to struggle for my own self-education, and it is not the educational process I would prescribe for an evangelist. No, indeed; if I could, I would have the picked men of the colleges and the universities for evangelists—provided that they are men with hearts as well as brains. Without the heart, without the spiritual power, a university professor would fail as an evangelist, while a man straight from a coal pit might succeed if he has the spiritual instinct and the passion for souls.

The day has happily passed when any ignoramus will do for an evangelist. The churches have blundered in that direction in days gone by, but I do not think the blunder will be often repeated. The intellectual level of evangelists has risen and must rise with the general advance of education. The slangy evangelist must disappear. I abhor slang and never use it—first, because the people do not want it. Give me the true evangelistic note in a man, and then add all the culture you possibly can. The future of evangelism will be bright indeed if we can rear a race of evangelists who ally rich experience of the heart and soul with high culture and refinement.

I would not omit humor from the evangelist's make-up. Sometimes a flash of humor acts like a gimlet and prepares the way for a nail, when the nail might have split the board. But humor must not be allowed to gain the mastery. Pathos, too, I would use, and do use. You can hold a man if you can make him both laugh and cry.

Another fruit of my experience is that an evangelist should aim at simplicity and dirtceness—simplicity of illustration and directness of appeal. For my own illustrations I draw constantly upon my gipsy lore, from the birds and the trees and the fields—the great world of Nature, which most people understand and all people love. My long years

of evangelistic work have not obliterated my native gipsy spirit. I am still a child of the open and a wild thing of the woods. I am happiest when I am among the birds in my garden. I know them all by their songs and their calls, and I love to watch their habits. My garden is full of birds' nests, and when I find nests with young birds newly hatched, I make friends with them by feeding them. A young brood of greenfinches has just been hatched in my garden, and day by day I have been feeding them. The old birds hover near quite unalarmed; they know I love them and would not hurt their young ones. And just as I love great Nature I love to bring all beautiful and simple things into my gospel message, and through that gateway I find a means of entrance into human hearts, which are alike in England and South Africa, America and Australia.

So the experiences of my humble boyhood as a gipsy lad, hawking clothes-pegs in East Anglian villages, help me now in my world-wide mission, though they do seem a strange curriculum as I look back upon them through the intervening years.

THE HELP OF HEAD-WINDS.

Theodore L. Cuyler.

Human life is a voyage, but our heavenly Father does not give us the control of the weather. If He did, we should be apt to choose nothing but smooth seas, fair winds, full cargoes, and secure harbors. God is wiser than we are, and he no more consults us than I consult my grass-plot as to when I shall use the mower, or my grape-vines whether I shall prune away the surplus branches.

On a certain night we are told that Christ Jesus directed his disciples to cross the lake of Galilee. He knew that a storm was coming, but he did not tell them. They found it out for themselves before they had gone very far; and Peter, who was an "old hand" on that lake, had never known a rougher night or an angrier sea. The wind is right in their teeth, and the waves hammer the bow of their fishing smack like iron sledges. With all their sturdy pulls at the oars, they make but little headway. They are learning some lessons that night; and so are some of my readers who are now passing through storms of trouble and are enveloped by the darkness of a mysterious Providence. They are learning the blessings of head-winds, and what spiritual help they bring to us.

Prosperity very often breeds self-conceit both in a Christian, in a church and in a nation. We take to ourselves the credit. When we are "hard up" we are apt to call upon God for what we need; when we have got it we are equally apt to set it down to our own skill and seamanship. Prosperous churches congratulate themselves on the eloquence and popularity of their pastor, on the inflow of people to their pews and of money into their contribution boxes. When the children of Israel had things to their liking, they forgot God and turned idolaters; when calamities overtook them, they were driven back to God, and cried lustily for his delivering arm. One of the subtlest forms of sin is self-direction. We ignore God and set up a will and choose a way of our own. He is too wise and too loving to allow this, and he often sends a stiff gale into our faces for our chastisement and correction. Whom he loveth he chasteneth; the self-willed and the rebellious are left to go on the rocks.

Head-winds strengthen the sinews and develop strong characters. Many of our Americans who have attained to the highest work of honor and usefulness were "seasoned" in their youth by sharp adversity. As Joseph was prepared by a pit and a prison for the premiership of Egypt, so Abraham Lincoln was educated for his high calling by severe study of a few books in a log cabin, and by eating the tonic bread of a laborious poverty. If he had been born in a brown-stone mansion of a great city and reared in luxury, his biography would have read very differently, and perhaps history might never have heard of him. Probably the best part of George Washington's training for his destiny was his rough experiences in the frontier wilderness. I seriously doubt whether the luxurious style of life in some of the highly endowed and fashionable present-day universities turns out as stalwart a type of intellectual manhood as was produced in the plain, uncarpeted rooms of the old-fashioned, primitive-looking colleges. Silver spoons and soft raiment are not the regimen for heroes. Smooth seas and gentle breezes never make a sailor.

This same truth applies to the spiritual experiences of God's people. The great purpose of our heavenly Father in this school-life on earth is to develop a vigorous godly character. "Count it all joy, my brethren," said the Apostle James, "when ye fall into manifold trials, knowing that the trying of your faith worketh patience." Afflictions often come upon bad people for their sins; but God sometimes sends afflictions upon good people to make them still better. That hard rowing in the night-storm on Galilee proved the disciples' pluck and gave new fibre to their sinews. They were learning to "endure hardness," and were rehearsing their subsequent experiences in the teeth of persecuting Sanhedrins and bloodthirsty Herods.

Adversity brings out the graces and beauties of the noblest Christian character. As a fine mansion is often concealed in rich summer foliage, but stands out in its architectural beauty when wintry winds have stripped the trees bare, so we find that many Christians show their graces to better advantage when God has let loose the tempests on them. The furnace of affliction is heated up for gold—not for gravel stones. Then, too, the seasons of trial make us more watchful. In smooth weather the sailor may swing in his hammock; but a piping gale brings all hands on deck, and sharpens the eye of the "look-out" at the bow. David never fell during his seasons of severe trouble; it was the warm sunny days of prosperity that brought out the adders. Noah weathered through the deluge of water nobly; it was the deluge of wine that drowned him; Ah, brethren, I suspect that when in another world we examine the chart of our voyagings, we shall discover that the head-winds—trying at the time—gave us the most headway towards heaven.

The crowning blessing of all such adverse experiences is that they teach us our utter dependence upon God. The poor prodigal forgot his father when he was among the harlots; but he began to think of him when he got down to the husks. Danger sends us to our knees. The hour of our extremity is the hour of God's opportunity. When the disciples were at the very crisis of the storm, lo! the welcome form of Jesus appears on the waves, and the welcome voice of Jesus is heard through the tempest: "It is I, be of good cheer; be not afraid!" As soon as he sets foot in the boat, the tornado hushes into a calm. Dear friends, you may find that it is a blessed wind that brings Christ to you. Welcome him into your vessel. No craft

ever foundered with Christ on board. No struggling soul, no afflicted Christian, no sorely-tried church has ever gone down when once the Son of God has come to their relief. The fiercest head-winds and the angriest waves obey his voice; and so he will bring you at last into your desired haven.

"As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous winds obey Thy will
When Thou sayest to them: 'Be still!'
Wondrous sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me!"

ENDEAVOR NOTES.

Wm. H. Scudder.

Topic for July 18, "The Palace Beautiful." (Pilgrim's Progress Series.)

Ephesians 4: 7-16 and 6:10-17.

Experiences in the Christian life are parallel with those of every day occurrences. The hill Difficulty becomes more precipitous and sometimes more dangerous the nearer its summit is approached. The "Unconquerable soul" has to assert itself in order to thread the last narrow passage, and face such "lions" as may be in the way.

There are compensations for the exertion of the courageous climber. It is only when the top of the hill is reached that the view brings to us the Palace Beautiful. Too often in the Christian journey we grumble over the difficulties of the road, and complain at the obstacles that must needs be overcome, but your true mountain climber gets inspiration from the last quarter of the hill. The steeper and more rugged it is, the more resolutely he turns towards it, tightens his belt, breathes more deeply, uses his pole more effectively, and gathering reserved strength even from seemingly wearied muscles, rushes upward to stand unconquered on the height, where the sights feast his eyes, the invigorating air oxygenates his blood, and rest strengthens his tired body. And—when he returns, comparatively little is said about the difficulty, but words are too few to express the glories that await one at the summit. It is worth the climb.

A much needed exercise in the Christian life is the Review. Self-examination has become unpopular in these days, but like many another good thing, it can be taken from the shelf with advantage. The successful business man balances his accounts frequently. A few minutes spent just before the evening prayer period, reviewing the events of the day in the light of Christian experience, is one of the surest methods of advance. Review the day, not to mourn over it, but to get the good out of it. Quite as much good will accrue from failures and errors as from success, if one utilizes them aright.

The truest sign of repentance is our attitude toward that which is to be repented of. Christian expressed it exactly in these words: "But now, all those things are my grief, and might I but choose mine own things, I would choose never to think of those things more."

How shall we win our companions to Christ? That is the perennial question with the Endeavorer. Christian's experience with the members of his family is worth reading in this connection. The first step was anxiety about them. He realized the danger they were in. The next was a true appreciation of the reasons why they were not willing to go on pilgrimage. His wife was afraid of "losing this world" and the children "were given to the foolish delights of youth." The third was his sincere attempt to persuade them to become Christians. The most potent factor in the conversion of these members of his family, as we learn from the second part of the book, was his **consistent Christian character.** Study these four steps with earnest intelligence, if you would win others to Christ.

The inspiration of the Christian life is primarily the study of our Lord's Biography. The true interpretation of life to the world will be the perception of the true relation of God to the world. What Jesus would have His disciples do, is measurably what He would have each of us do. But, secondarily, our inspiration is also gathered from the examples of the heroes of the faith. We hear it said that men are awaiting the call to the heroic in religion. The call is here now. When we read the 12th of Hebrews, or the lives of the martyrs, we think those were the days in which heroism could be practised, and shown. But it must be remembered that moral qualities are capable of making heroes quite as much as physical. We may not be called on to put on the whole armor of God to resist Nero, or Caligula, but we are called on to be clad wtih it to resist the evil that lies at our doors, gambling, Sabbath desecration, grafting, the hundred forms in which evil clothes itself in this age. The call to the heroic is to you, to all men; wherefore, "Put on the whole armor of God, and stand,—and having done all—stand."

Among the Churches

CALIFORNIA.

Long Beach, Plymouth.—At the last communion service two persons were received to membership, one on confession. The church counts itself fortunate that there was no long interval between the going of Mr. Dorland and the coming of Mr. Booth.

Oakland, Fourth.—Rev. F. H. Maar is seeking rest and recuperation in the mountains. He is accompanied by his family and will remain a number of weeks. During his absence the Sunday evening song and praise service will be conducted by Rev. Alfred Hare.

Antioch.—In last week's Pacific, under the heading "Meeting of the Bay Association," there appeared the following: "Antioch reported several additions to church membership as well as many improvements to church property." The statement should have been: Twenty-seven additions since the last association meeting.

San Rafeal.—Sunday, July 4th, eight were received into the church, three on confession. Four children were baptized. The church was beautifully decorated with flags. The platform was adorned with a new pulpit set, a gift of the Ladies' Aid Society. A new individual communion service was also used, which was presented to the church by Mrs. E. A. Stevens, the pastor's mother.

San Francisco, Green Street.—On July 4th, two persons united with the church on confession. July 5, the Snuday-school picnic was held at Larkspur canyon, 81 children

and adults participating. On July 6, Rev. and Mrs. E. L. Walz started on their vacation, which will be spent in Lakeport, Cal. Rev. Dennis Goodsell will preach and with his family will live in the parsonage apartment during the pastor's absence.

Riverside.—Dr. J. H. McLaren closed his pastorate with this church Sunday, June 27th. "Triumphant Faith," was the morning theme. While the life of Jacob afforded a profitable topic for the evening service. Large congregations greeted him at both services. On the following Wednesday evening a reception was tendered the Doctor and his wife, during the course of which a fine gold-headed ebony cane, with his initals engraved in monogram was presented him, also a beautiful toilet set, finely engraved, to Mrs. McLaren, as a slight evidence of the love and esteem in which they are held by their many friends in the church and community. The Doctor goes on the lecture platform about October 1st, where he has already attained prominence.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

Rev. Charles F. Clarke, Correspondent, 7212 Woodlawn Avenue, Seattle, Wash.

Seattle, Plymouth.—Dr. Forest of Glasgow, Scotland, preached Sunday evening, June 27th, to a crowded house. His subject was "The Signs of the Times." He discussed the present drift from the churches of the masses, but in a new and striking manner.

Sunnyside.—The new parsonage had a "house warming" last week. In passing the keys to the Rev. H. F. Burgess, the pastor, Dr. Harvey of the board of trustees expressed the hope that he would occupy the parsonage at least an hundred years and as much longer as he desired. This new home, so centrally located, will greatly facilitate church work.

North Yakima.—The parsonage has been repaired and painted and the church repairs are nearly completed. Rev. E. A. King has been nominated for membership on the Board of Trustees of the State Home Missionary Society and was elected chairman of the Associational Home Missionary Committee, Rev. O. Umstead of Atahmun and Mr. V. E. Newman of Natches being the other members.

Children's Day.—The Seattle Churches, as doubtless those all over the state, observed the day with its usual features. More and more the graduating exercises are emphasized. Our larger churches, as Plymouth, are graduating not only from the Primary Department, but also from the Junior and Intermediate, examinations being required in supplemental work. This year large classes are reported. Another growing feature of the day is the reception of members into the church. So from Baptism of infants through the list it is indeed Children's Day.

Ministers' Meeting.—The last regular meeting of the Congregational ministers of this vicinity for the season has for several years been a picnic. This year the ministers and their families were the guests of Messrs. George and Laurence Colman, who took them for a delightful sail up the sound to Whidby Island, where lunch was served on the beach. A committee of the State Conference examined two parcels of ground which are being considered as possible sites for a summer resort for the Congregationalists of the state, if such a colony should be considered advisable and feasible. The day was most delightful and there were no accidents to mar the outing, indeed there were few that added to the pleasure (of those not too closely concerned). The ladies had provided luncheon, including a large freezer of ice cream, which quickly disappeared under the onslaughts of about fifty air-sharpened appetites.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The editor of The Pacific returned last Saturday from his visit in the East.

Mrs. Teressa Cathrine Philbrook, wife of the Rev. Charles E. Philbrook, passed into the life beyond at Compton, California, July 1st, aged 64 years and 5 months.

The church at Campbell has about fifty copies of the Christian Endeavor Hymnal in good condition. A donation of them will be made to any home missionary church or C. E. Society that may desire them and will pay expense of transportation. Address, Geo. E. Atkinson.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

The forty-seventh annual Commencement week at Pacific University, Forest Grove, began on June 12th, and ended on the following Wednesday. As usual, the occasion was a most interesting one. Judge Stephen A. Lowell, of Pendleton, made the Commencement address. Nine students received the Bachelor's degree. The address before the graduating class in the academy—twenty-one in number—was given by the Rev. Evan P. Hughes, of the Corvallis Church. This will be the Junior Class in the college next year.

At the meeting of the Board of Trustees resolutions were passed in honor of the memory of the late Alanson Hinman, who died a few weeks ago. He was the last member of the original board of trustees, and had served continuously for fifty-four years.

Prof. Luella Clay Corson, the newly elected president of Mills College, Oakland, Cal., received the degree of Doctor of Literature, at the hands of the trustees.

The trustees appointed a committee from their number to consider the question of securing greater support from citizens of Portland. With the advent of the electric line, which has been in successful operation for several weeks, Forest Grove has become, practically, a suburb of this city, the time between the two cities being reduced to a little less than an hour. This condition, it is certain, will be of great benefit to the college.

John E. Bailey, of Forest Grove, was chosen to fill the vacancy on the board of trustees caused by the death of Mr. Hinman. The terms of Charles E. Wolverton, Napoleon Davis and George H. Marsh, all of Multnomah county, having expired by limitation, they were re-elected. The following are the officers of the board of trustees for the coming year: Harvey W. Scott, president; Napoleon Davis, secretary; Frank M. Warren, treasurer.

Of the ten persons who were charter members of the First Congregational Church of this city, organized June 15, 1851, the last but one passed on to her reward a few days ago. Mrs. Sarah Levina Phelps Abrams, a native of New Hampshire, was born at Lyme, New Hampshire, January 12, 1824, married to William P. Abrams, October 11, 1842, and soon afterwards removed to Alabama, where Mr. Abrams

engaged in the lumber business. In March, 1849, Mr. Abrams left Alabama for Oregon, vit Panama, and arrived at Portland, November 5th, following. He brought with him a small plant for the establishment of a saw mill, the first in Portland, and built it on the bank of the river between Madison and Jefferson streets and had it ready for service early in 1850. The capacity of the mill was about six thousand feet a day. He became acquainted at once after his arrival with Rev. Horace Lyman, a Congregational minister, who had already selected a site for a church in the heavy timber at the corner of Second and Jefferson streets, which a little later was deeded to the church by the town proprietor—village proprietor, rather, as there was not to exceed three hundred population in Portland at that time—and rendered him great aid in assisting to build a church home. Mr. Abrams returned to Alabama in 1850 for his family, and arrived in Oregon the second time, via Cape Horn, on April 21, 1851. The church building was practically finished, and after its dedication on June 15, 1851, the church was organized with Mr. and Mrs. Abrams, and a brother, David Kendrick Abrams, as three of the ten charter members, the latter being the only one now alive, and he in his eighty-first year.

From the very first Mr. and Mrs. Abrams took the lead in Christian service in this city, he as the first superintendent of the Sunday School, and deacon in the church, also, and she as a teacher. And wherever they were in the different parts of the state, first at Corvallis in 1855, then to Portland in 1857, then to The Dalles in 1862, and back to Portland a few years later, they were wise and untiring workers for the Master and greatly respected by all who knew them. Mr. Abrams died on November 26, 1873. Thus an earthly career of great usefulness was ended. Mrs. Abrams never for one moment faltered in her devotion to her Lord, notwithstanding the loss of her devoted helpmeet. A few years later, however, her lower limbs were paralyzed, and since then she has been one of the "shut-ins." But her influence apparently increased instead of diminished. She held her friends with a strong, loving heart, and when she could no longer go out in the world to see them, they came to see her. Old friends sought her company and were uplifted by her strong faith and helpful counsel. She retained to the last her interest in all that was going on around her pertaining to the betterment of conditions in the world; and it is well to remember that to such noble characters as Mr. and Mrs. Abrams the people of the present day in this state and upon the Pacific Coast are indebted for whatever we have of spiritual progress.

The Northern Baptist convention of the United States, now in session in this city, is the largest religious gathering ever assembled in this state. Already more than twelve hundred delegates have been enrolled, and more are coming; and in addition it is estimated that there are five hundred visitors. Every northern state is represented. The pivotal question before the convention is that of "Independence," and hence all Congregationalists should be deeply interested in its settlement.

Deacon Oscar Eaton, of the Oswego Church, one of the best known Congregationalists in the Willamette Valley, died at Oswego June 19th, only lacking forty-nine days of being eighty-nine years old. His ancestors came from Wales to America in 1640 and settled in Massachusetts. Soon after the Revolution the family began drifting westward, and at length reached Chautauqua county, New York, where the subject of this sketch was born on August 8, 1820. By the time he attained manhood the desire to "Go West" seized him, and in due time he removed to Northern Michigan with a young family. Here he was when the trumpet call for troops came upon the heels of the capture of Fort Sumpter. Three generations of the Eaton family had seen military service in the wars of the nation, and naturally his first impulse was to enlits in the service of his country; but duty to his young family caused him to hesitate for a time. When the draft was decided to be necessary to fill up the gaps in the army he refused to stand back longer, but enlisted before it was ordered in Michigan, entering the 26th Michigan Infantry, with whom he served nearly three years, taking part in many battles. In 1871 he brought his family to Oregon, settling first in Forest Grove, where he remained nine years. In 1880 he bought a farm near Oswego and remained there until advancing age rendered him incapable of giving it his personal attention. He became a member of a Congregational church in early life, was a positive force in active Christian work wherever he lived. A good man has gone to his reward, one who has left an excellent record behind him as example of what it means to be a Christian.

A VISIT TO SANTA CRUZ AND MT. HERMON.

By Granville F. Foster.

The writer paid a recent visit to the region mentioned in the caption above and a few incidents of that trip may be interesting to the readers of the Pacific, hence this article.

Santa Cruz is indeed a marvelously beautiful city, with the great ocean for a western foreground (to use a sort of Herbernianism) and the mountains for a background, with its neat and handsome public buildings, such as the county court house and the public library, its miles of concrete and bituminous sidewalks and its street crossings on which pedestrians can at all times go dry shod. Then there is the beach, where even in the calmest weather the waves signify their life and activity in a pleasant, gentle, dreamy murmur, not to mention their gigantic mounting and breaking as under the spur of the scolding winds they come far up upon the sands or dash with a deafening roar in cataracts of snowy foam against the cliffs which mark the limit of the wide-extending beach. Then in the vicinity of the city are the wonderful grove of the Sequoia Sempervirens, the beautiful gorge of the San Lorenzo and numerous summer resorts.

Of course, the first object that took the eye of the writer was the Casino, standing in all its mighty proportions of oriental magnificence of architecture and painting, but according to the writer's taste a little too gaudy and showy and therefore somewhat out of keeping with the neat and handsome buildings of the city itself. On visiting the great rooms inside, and seeing the contents, and learning the kinds of wares dispensed therein, the usual class of entertainment presented, the desecration of the Sabbath permitted, there came forcibly to the mind of the writer the following lines from Lowell's Sir Launfal:

> At the devil's booth are all things sold,
> Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
> For a cap and bells our lives we pay.
> Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:

'Tis Heaven alone that is given away,—
'Tis only God may be had for the asking.

The impression which this huge palace of pleasures, or Dome of Pleasures, as some of its patrons call it, gave to the writer further in this impression he overheard some and day and Sundays included, could not be one with very many spiritually minded people in it, and unfortunately for the writer furaher in this impression he overheard some professing Christians congratulate each other over the grand time they had had in a fine picnic they had participated in, on the previous Sabbath day, but all this impression was incorrect, really baseless as to the genuine life of the real, sturdy, permanent citizens of the "City of the Holy Cross." There are many churches, genuine churches, with many earnest, faithful members, uncontaminated by the indifference to religious observances which prevail among the majority of the great number of visitors and tourists who make their home in the great hotel or in the cottages by the beach during the summer season.

The writer called early on the Rev. Mr. Orr, the pastor of the Congregational church, and was invited to be present at a social of the members on Friday night, on which occasion the writer was called on to bring the greetings of the First Church of San Francisco. In presenting the history of the remarkable facts of how soon the First Church had recovered from the awful calamity of earthquake and fire and had erected a commodious building on the site of the old one, had paid fully for it and had besides money in the treasury, how the church had grown in real spirituality and had become knit together into a stronger bond of union by the very calamities which seemed at first to threaten almost its extinction, the writer said, "The members of the church, though they worked willingly, do not take to themselves the chief praise for the work. The labors of all were under the great master-builder, Christ himself, inspired in a secondary sense by one man, whose untiring energy, cheeriness under difficulties, finesse in managing and urging, whose gift of being able to convince men to give for the cause made the building a possibility and brought the finances to the present happy condition and that man is the Rev. Geo. C. Adams, D.D." This remark was greeted by loud and prolonged applause, indicative of the fact of the place which Dr. Adams possesses in the hearts of Christians throughout the state.

Rev. Mr. Orr is doing a wonderfully successful work here. He has the happy faculty of putting and keeping every member of the church at work and he is not backward in telling a Christian just where he ought to be and what he should do there and he does it with such good grace and with such wit, withal, that the man could not resist if he tried. The writer found this out, when Sunday came, and a large congregation greeted the pastor. There was a large Sunday-school, finely managed, and well-taught. Sunda' evenings are now devoted to sermons or lectures on the difficult sayings of Christ. The writer noticed that the members of the choir were surpliced and he supposed at first that possibly a whiff of a spiritual breeze had crossed the street from the Episcopal church just opposite, but he reflected that possibly there was a noble purpose in it—which purpose let the reader discover.

For two days, the writer was at Mt. Hermon. This popular resort under Presbyterian management is more flourishing than ever, and the absence here of devil's boots and enticements, the numerous lectures by great men, the grand public religious meetings and numerous methods in short in elevating and ennobling the mind while also allowing for amusement and refreshment, and the whole amidst the most beautiful natural scenery of the San'a Cruz mountains, makes this an ideal place for tourists and vacation-seekers who do not wish to be absent from spiritual influences amid recreatory amusements. Rev. Dr. Hugh Gilchrist, the local manager, is a giant for hard work and for manageemnt. He is creating an earthly paradise here.

Berkeley, Cal., June 25, 1909.

THE TOGETHER CAMPAIGN.

Berkeley, Cal., July 2, 1909.

A telegram received this morning from New York announces that $325,000 of the Together Campaign Fund to pay off the debts of the Cnogregational Home Missionary Society, the American Board, and the American Missionary Association, has already been pledged and more is in sight. This insures the success of the great enterprise and will lift a heavy handicap from these three national Congregational societies.

The Pacific Coast has contributed a considerable share to this result, and all churches and individuals who have had a part in the enterprise will rejoice greatly in this consummation so devoutly to be wished. The end is not yet. We confidently believe that there will be far reaching results from the campaign all over the country, establishing us more firmly and hopefully in the conviction that the Congregational "rope of sand," which is supposed to bind the churches together, has a greater cohesion than was supposed. If in addition to the payment of the debts of these three national societies there should be a general adoption of the Apportionment Plan, which was so urgently advocated during the campaign, we have better times ahead of

It is not too late for any church or individual who has not yet contributed to this splendid success to have a part in the enterprise. The goal of hope was $500,000; $300,000 was only the goal of necessity. Every dollar above the payment of these combined debts will be distributed among all seven of the national benevolent societies in accordance with an equitable percentage, and thus every dollar above the $300,000 means hope and courage and advance in our denominational missionary work.

H. MELVILLE TENNEY,
Chairman of Committee for the Together Campaign on the Pacific Coast.

TRUE BEAUTY.

It is not in the tint of the cheek
Or the glance of the sparkling eye,
Or the warm, red dye of a pouting lip,
True beauty can ever lie.

But give me an eye where the soul looketh out,
And a cheek where the feelings rise;
And a lip whose bountiful wealth of words
The truthful soul supplies.

And give me an eye where the trembling tear
Betrayeth the fount within;
And a heart that grieves at another's grief,
As it e'en its own had been.

For beauty of feature, or beauty of form,
Can never o'ermaster the heart;
But the light which illumines a truth—
Will never, oh, never depart.

THE HOME

THE WEARY COUNTRY WOMAN.

It seems that the rush from country to city has been checked and turned backward, so, naturally, the minds of people are turning to the country. And what is in their minds finds expression in the newspapers and magazines. The cry of "How shall we keep the boys and girls on the farm?" has become, "How shall we make a living on a farm?" Editors are implored to give facts regarding country life, and to state exactly what can be done with a few thousand dollars or a pair of willing hands out amid the green fields and pastures. A remarkable ignorance is shown by many of the writers, and it is sad to know that their every word is eagerly absorbed by a vast army of restless, unquiet city dwellers who have failed in town and who cling to the old theory that anyone can farm.

The real country people—not the remarkable beings who pick up an abandoned farm and make a fortune from chickens or cream or vegetables in a year or two—are either amused or angered by the wonderful stories of farm life. Especially are the weary women beginning to be indignant about the stories and articles describing their condition, and quietly to protect themselves in various ways. The one thing that all writers agree on is that women in the country have a very barren, slavish, unhappy existence which speedily drives them insane. However they may vary on other points, that one fact is invariably mentioned. Indeed, there are men and women who never spent a whole day on a farm in their lives who can tell you all about the toothless, lifeless, broken down, sallow creatures who are old at 40 simply because they live on farms where life is scarcely worthy the name. We are all familiar with the lank, homely woman in the sunbonnet, whether we ever saw a really country woman or not, for the writers have diligently pictured her for years and years.

It's true that the women in the country are weary, exceedingly weary—weary of being held up to public gaze as a race of slatterns without ambition or ideas, and disgusted with the foolish and unfair descriptions given of them. The absurdity of it is patent when one stops to consider the case. It is a fact that the cities depend on the country for fresh blood and brains; that the country has always produced the best in the way of statesmen and men in public life, and men and women prominent in every walk of life as well. How is it possible for mothers such as the story writers describe to give such sons to the world? That there are slovenly, idealless women in the country no one can deny, but neither can he deny that there are also untidy, idealless women in every city and town. City people are usually represented as alert, stylish, prosperous, in the face of the fact that the country knows nothing of the poverty and shiftlessness to be found in every large place. It would be just as fair to picture the typical town resident as a filthy, ragged dweller of the slums as to say that all rural dwellers are untidy and ignorant.

For years the women on the farms have suffered in silence every summer from the visits of their friends and relatives who descend upon them when torrid weather makes their own city flats unbearable. The visitors praise to the skies the good butter, cream, eggs, poultry and fruit generously served by the country hostess, and nothing is said of the long winters and utter loneliness. Often the visitors go armed with jars to fill with fruit, because it is "so abundant," and many a woman has gone home with every available inch of space in her trunk filled with apples and other farm products. Out of the goodness of her heart the country hostess gave the best she had, pitying the unfortunates who were compelled to live in a little cramped flat, and cordially urging them to come again.

But the worm has turned. The country women are beginning to see that the fun is all on one side, and they are refusing to allow themselves to be overworked and their hospitality abused. One grandmother who had endured in patience the visits of her naughty grandchildren for three summers, finally sent word to her son that they might come again only on condition that their parents came too to take care of them—that she would not be bothered with them alone. It caused some pouting but it had the desired effect, and these middle-aged people who brought up their own boys and girls without asking help of anyone, are now secure from the invasions of a host of troublesome children. The news went round rapidly that grandpa and grandma secure from the invasions of a host os troublesome children. were sent alone to worry them. Another weary women blandly charged her visitors, for one week only, fair rates for such food as she set before them. After that they had urgent calls to return to the city.

All this talk about ignorance among country women is unfair and untrue. The reports of rural letter carriers show that thousands and hundreds of thousands of pieces of second-class mail are handled each month. Why, the women on the farms read the very same magazines and papers their city friends do. Most of the large city newspapers make special efforts to reach their country patrons early, and news is scarcely more than forty-eight hours old before it reaches the remote districts, while the farms within a radius of 200 or 300 miles read the happenings of the day much sooner than that. The fashion, housekeeping and literary journals are much sought after by country people, and even the new novels find their way to many rural homes.

Even before the days of rural free delivery country folk were not unenlightened. The little red schoolhouse has always been exalted by them, and the men and women who went forth from it without graduating exercises or diploma were far from ignorant. Indeed, there are many of the modern educators who are beginning to think that the idea of knowing a few things well is better than having a smattering of everything. To be sure, the country schools have never looked with favor on educational "fads," but they do stand for good spelling, clear reasoning and fine work in arithmetic. Teachers in high schools and colleges have an acknowledged preference for the young people from the country, because they have independent ideas and ways of expressing them that are entirely foreign to the minds of pupils ground out in the machinery of the city school. So eager are many country parents for education for their boys and girls that they will make any sacrifice to get the young people through college.

"Bigoted and narrow-minded" are charges frequently laid upon country people. They are no more bigoted and narrow-minded than their city brethren. The real farmer does think the country the only place worth living in, an entirely natural feeling. So does the town resident prefer starvation among the crowds to plenty in the quiet country. The sturdy, God-fearing men toiling through the heat of summer and the storms of winter are seldom so "broad" that no man knoweth the bounds of their belief, but they do stick to their chosen creeds in a way that others might imitate to advantage. In many a state the cry is going up that the country is forcing puritanical laws upon the city; but there is never the fear that the city will suffer from the low moral standard of the country. Rural residents have always stood for righteousness and temperance and justice and simplicity, and it will be an evil day when the standard is lowered.

Last, but not least, country women are weary of the

unjust tales about their cooking and the food they set before their families. If the people in the country really did live on the things credited to them they would fill early graves without doubt, for according to report, everything is always fried, greasy and poorly prepared. But the city people who have been wont to rail at salt pork and poor country cooking have changed their tune after sitting down to delicious country ham served with eggs and fine vegetables. The only fault to be found with country cooking is that it is gradually conforming to city ideas, and one now meets the frill of parsley, the fringe of lemon, the familiar patty shell of the magazine page on the farm table. Of course these are the exceptions, for the average rural housewife is content to serve good bread, fresh butter, eggs, vegetables and fruits without "trimmings." But they show that all the up-to-date folk are not confined to town.

Yes, the country women are tired, not from "drudgery" but of being constantly misrepresented.—Hilda Richmond

Young People

THE FOUR BULLIES

By Dane Coolidge

Once at a lonely ranch-house in California there lived four dogs, all of them very fierce and cruel. One was a big black dog named Marco and one was a brindled bulldog with square jaws. The other two were yellow and white, and they followed after Marco and Bull. High mountains rose all about the ranch-house and many fierce wolves, called coyotes, lived there. Every evening, just as the sun was setting, they would trot over the low hills above the ranch and look down to see all the chickens and turkeys and little pigs running about in the barnyard. If Jim Stavert, the man who owned the ranch, had not kept the four fierce dogs, the coyotes would have caught all his chickens and turkeys and little pigs in one night.

As the sun set and the hungry coyotes saw all the chickens go into their coops and the fierce dogs walking around the house, their eyes would burn with rage and they would throw up their heads and howl:

"Woof—woof—wooo! Woof—woof—wooo! Wooo—oooo—ooo!"

Then every dog would leap to his feet, barking; and, led by Marco and Bull, they would leap through a wide hole in the barbed-wire fence and rush out into the hills the coyotes would slink away on either side and let them pass. But no sooner would Marco and Bull pass down the other side, where their master could not come to their help with his gun, than the fiercest of the coyotes would attack them, and Jim Stavert would hear a great noise of fighting. Then his dogs would come running home, all torn and bloody, and the cowardly yellow-and-white ones would rush under the house and cry for fear that the coyotes would catch them, even there.

Every night and all night the dogs carried on their war with the coyotes, and no one who was a stranger could sleep near the house on account of their running and barking. From sunset to sunrise they kept the valley in an uproar; but in the daytime they were heavy-eyed and sleepy. As soon as they had their breakfast they lay down in their holes under the bushes, where they could watch for any wagons which came along the road, and there they dozed and slept all day. But if any tramp came by with his blankets on his back, or any Indian or Mexican, they all rushed out together and tried to bite him. So, whenever Jim Stavert heard them begin to bark, he always came out to the road and called them off; for he did not want them to trouble men.

Many people and wagons came along the road every day, and all the dogs in the country were afraid when they passed that house, because they knew that Marco and Bull and the two yellow-and-white dogs would rush out after them and leap through the gap in the barbed-wire fence, and perhaps knock them over and bite them. No matter how close they crept to their wagon, or how they bent their heads or dragged their tails, the four great bullies would always run out and stop them; and they were lucky indeed to escape a cruel mauling. Many dogs who knew them were afraid to go by, and others, when they approached the ranch, would whine and yelp until their masters took them up in the wagons, where they could ride by in safety.

But at last the four bullies were taken by surprise and well punished for their cruel ways. One day the calves which were kept inside the fence found the hole that the dogs jumped through, and all made their escape into the road. In a few minutes Jim Stavert saw them, and when he ran out they all leaped back through the same hole. So Jim Stavart found the place where they had escaped, and he stretched a strong wire, all covered with sharp iron barbs, right across the opening. But while he was doing this all the dogs were asleep, and they did not know that their jumping-hole was closed.

Soon after a wagon came slowly along the road and at the first creak of the wheels all the dogs woke up and stared at it. But their eyes were not fastened upon the horses nor upon the swarthy Mexican who sat upon the seat. Behind the wagon there crept a poor little yellow dog. One of his feet had been pierced by a thorn, and as he hopped along on three legs he held it up off the ground. Humbly he bowed his head and seemed to ask for pity. But the four bullies showed pity to no one! Barking and snarling they sprang from their sleeping-holes and rushed out to the fence. At the sight of them the lame little dog lay down in the road and shut his eyes, for he knew that they would all pounce upon him to do him some cruel hurt. On came Marco and Bull, each eager to leap upon him first, and they came to the hole in the fence together.

Fiercely they sprang forward without looking, and before they saw it their heads struck against the sharp barbs of the wire. Behind them leaped the two yellow-and-white dogs—and then all four were thrown back in a pile with their faces torn and bleeding. What an outcry of yelps and howls they made as they sprawled together in the dust. For a moment they looked about to see what it was that had struck them—then they tucked their tails between their legs and ran howling back to the house.

Out in the road the little lame dog crouched and trembled in the dust, shutting his eyes tight to keep out the terrible sight. He knew how useless it would have been for him to attempt to defend himself, handicapped as he was with his lame leg, even before he realized the numbers and fierceness of his enemies. All at once he heard the great dogs strige the fence and then cry out in pain. Though he had seen them leap straight for him, not one of them had struck him down. They were all howling and yelping with pain. Then the little dog opened his eyes and looked about—and he saw them running toward the house with their tails between their legs. Why the enemy should give up such an easy victory, and, what is more, retreat in such haste, was a mystery which he could not solve, but which left him suspicious, nevertheless. For a moment he lay there, trembling; then he limped softly down the road and ran along beneath the wagon, still scared and looking back, expecting another attack. But the bullies never rushed after him. Yelping with fright and pain, they ran and hid under the house, for they could not understand what had happened. So for once their cruelty was punished, and their fierceness turned against themselves instead of a harmless victim.

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